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59
MAR

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capullo

McFARLANE
C.W.

image® **COMICS PRESENTS:**

"VANISHED"



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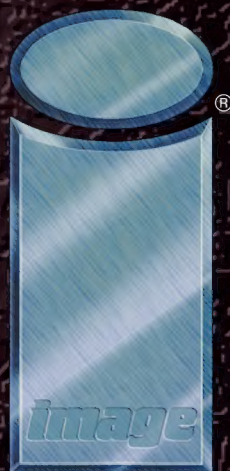
Dedicated to
Pam Rubischko

Spawn #58 Summary:

Eddie and Andy, the abused children who killed their father (issue #29), escape the detention center and find their way to New York City in search of their hero, Spawn. There, they are "befriended" by Snake who offers to employ Eddie to courier illegal packages for him. The boys find a hostile Spawn and Andy insists on staying with him in his alley. Believing Spawn a threat to his business, Snake forces Eddie to lead him to Spawn where a confrontation ensues. Snake ends up dead and Andy wounded. After seeking medical care, Eddie and Andy voluntarily return to the detention center. Tainted by their experience, Eddie and Andy are forever stripped of their innocence.

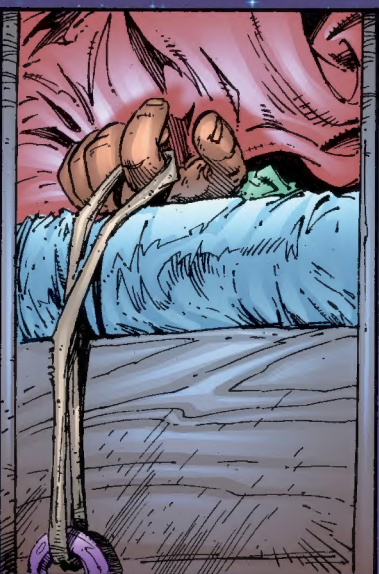
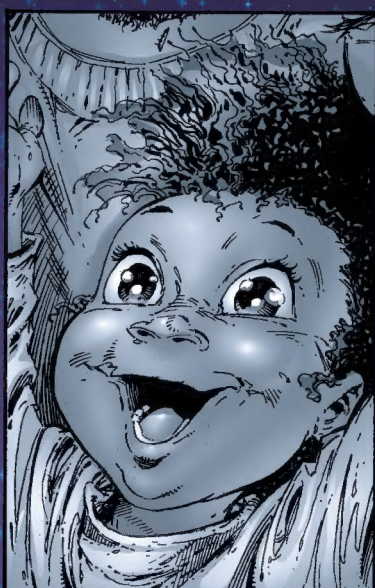
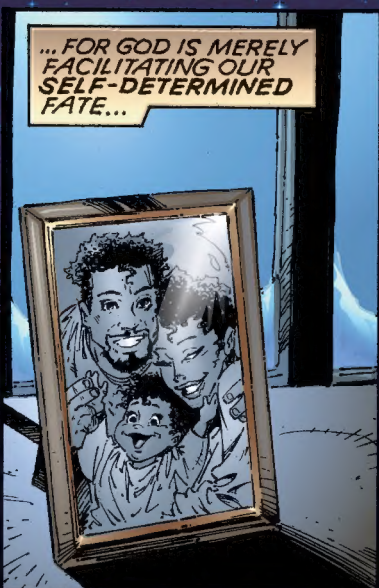
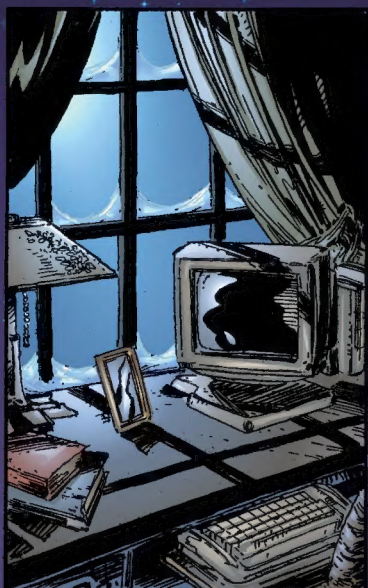
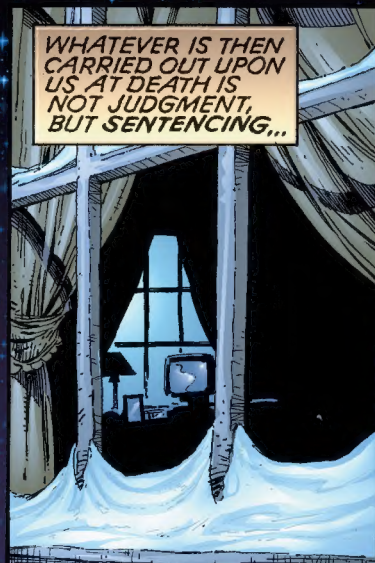
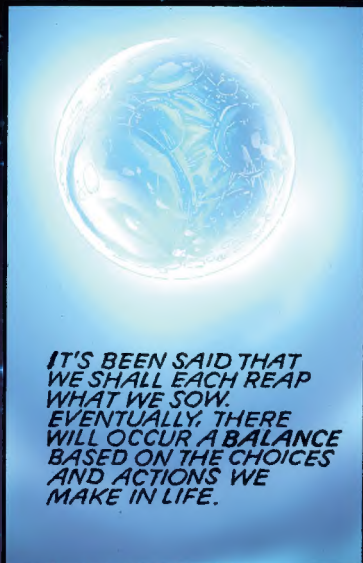
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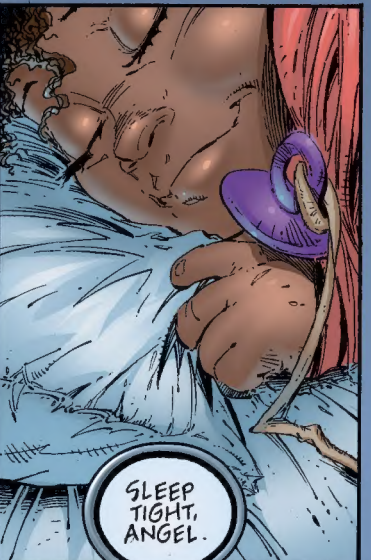
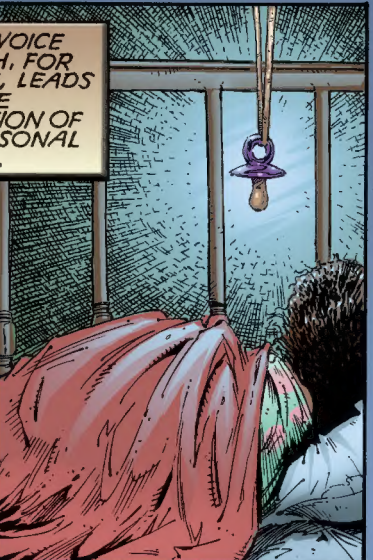
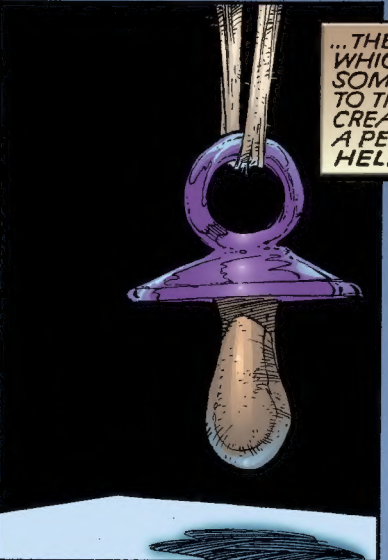
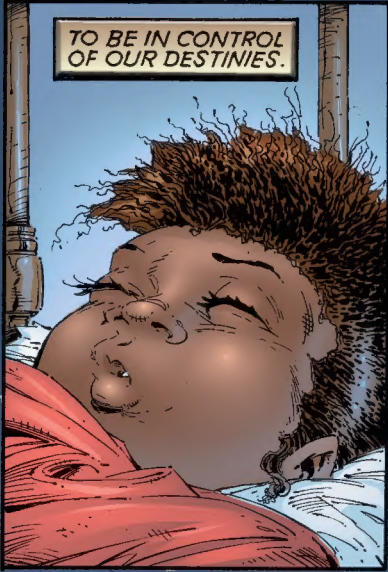
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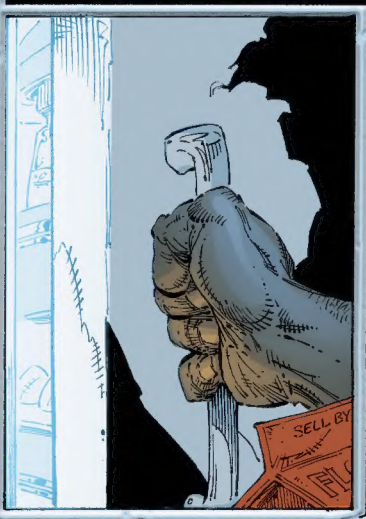
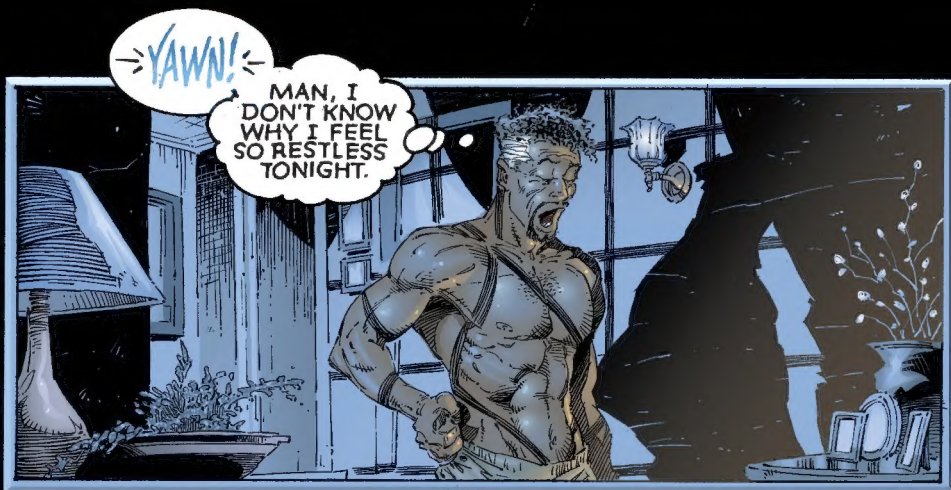


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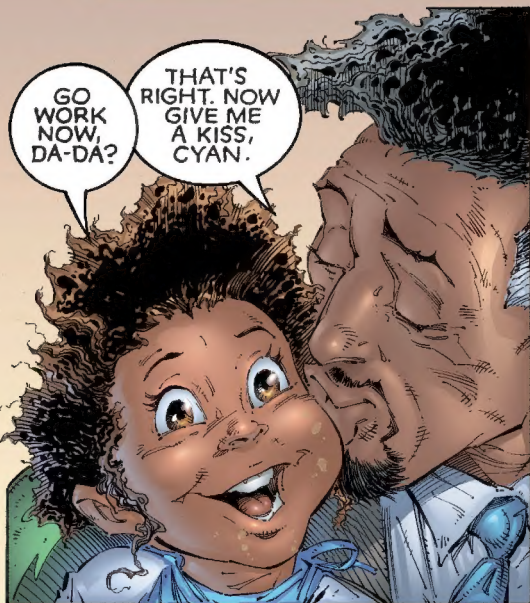
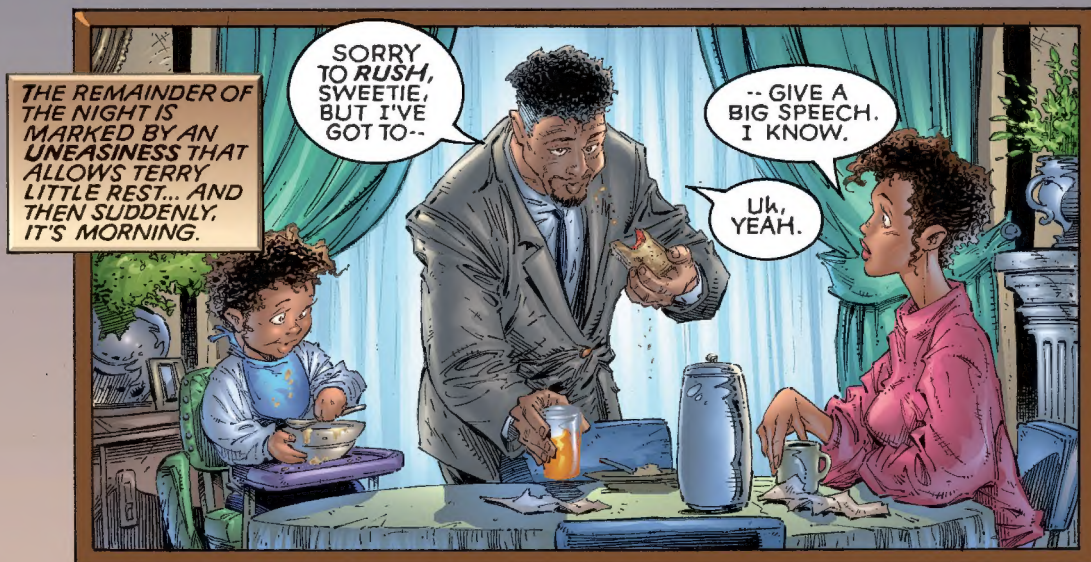
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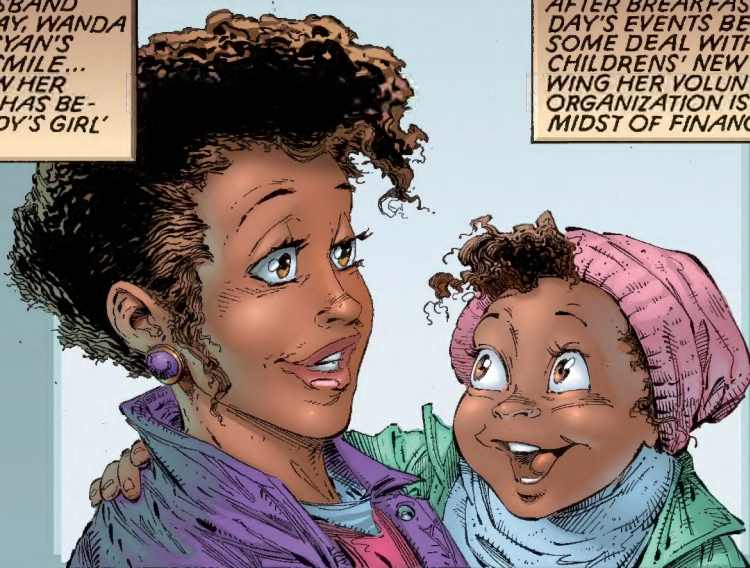






AS HER HUSBAND
DRIVES AWAY, WANDA
GAZES AT CYAN'S
BEAMING SMILE...
THINKS HOW HER
DAUGHTER HAS BE-
COME 'DADDY'S GIRL'
OF LATE.

AFTER BREAKFAST, THE
DAY'S EVENTS BEGIN.
SOME DEAL WITH THE
CHILDRENS' NEW HOSPITAL
WING HER VOLUNTEER
ORGANIZATION IS IN THE
MIDST OF FINANCING.



OTHER TASKS-- LIKE RESTOCKING THE
FRIDGE-- AREN'T QUITE AS COMPLICATED
AND ARE MUCH MORE FUN.

THIS IS WHAT HAS BECOME
IMPORTANT TO HER--

-- AFTER TOO MANY MONTHS
OF THE SAME OLD GRIND AT
THE LAW OFFICES, DRAGGING
CASES OUT SO THAT THE FIRM
WOULD HAVE MORE BILLABLE
HOURS.



WHEN HER
FIRST
HUSBAND
DIED, IT
SEEMED
TO PUT
THINGS INTO
PERSPECTIVE.



GETTING HER
SMILE BACK
AND RAISING
A FAMILY
WERE AT THE
TOP OF HER
LIST.

RAISING... GUIDING
THE CHILD SHE
SO DESPERATELY
PRAYED FOR. THERE
WAS A TIME WHEN
NONE OF THIS WAS
POSSIBLE.



**SHE
ACCEPTED
THAT.**



HER LATE
HUSBAND
WASN'T ABLE
TO HELP
CONCEIVE A
CHILD. THAT
HAUNTED
HIM. EVERY
DAY.

FOR HE FELT HIS
GREATEST
FAILURE WAS IN
NOT BEING ABLE
TO GIVE HIS WIFE
WHAT SHE
WANTED MOST.




TORTURED BY THAT
FACT, HE THOUGHT
HIMSELF LESS OF A
MAN. IT FOCUSED HIS
INTENSITY INTO HIS
WORK. PUSHING HIM
TO BECOME THE
GOVERNMENT'S
MOST ELITE KILLING
MACHINE.

A 'TRUE SOLDIER' IS
WHAT HE LIKED TO
CALL HIMSELF... UNTIL
THE DAY HIS LIFE
WAS CUT SHORT.



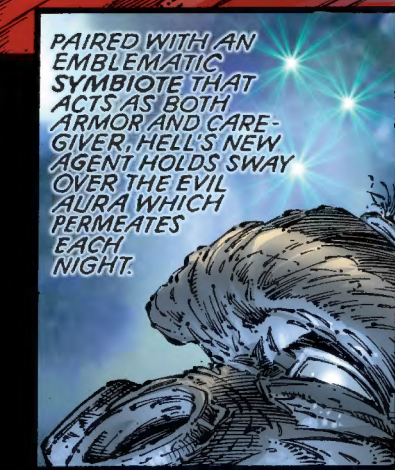
AT HIS GRAVE-
SITE, WANDA
PRAYED THAT
HIS TORMENTED
SOUL HAD
FINALLY FOUND
PEACE UNDER
GOD'S CAREFUL
WATCH.

THAT BELIEF
HELPS HER
SLEEP AT NIGHT.

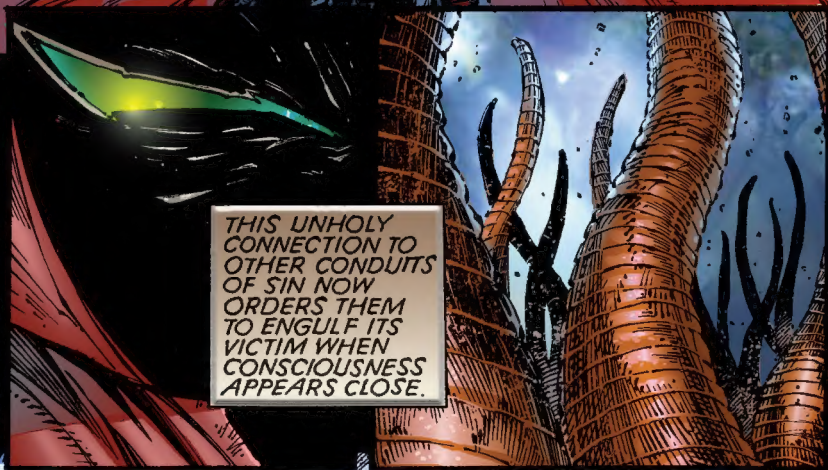


THE REALITY
IS NOTHING
LESS THAN
DISTURBING.

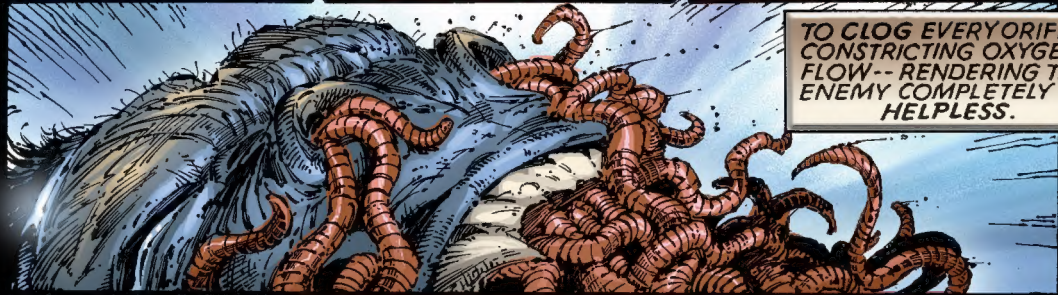
AL SIMMONS
HAS BEEN
TRANSFORMED
INTO ONE OF
HELL'S UNDEAD.
THOUGH IT
APPEARS IN
HUMAN FORM,
HIS NEW
NECROPLASMIC
BODY IS ANY-
THING BUT.




PAIRED WITH AN
EMBLEMATIC
SYMBIOTE THAT
ACTS AS BOTH
ARMOR AND CARE-
GIVER, HELL'S NEW
AGENT HOLDS SWAY
OVER THE EVIL
AURA WHICH
PERMEATES
EACH NIGHT.



THIS UNHOLY
CONNECTION TO
OTHER CONDUITS
OF SIN NOW
ORDERS THEM
TO ENGULF ITS
VICTIM WHEN
CONSCIOUSNESS
APPEARS CLOSE.



TO CLOG EVERYORIFICE,
CONSTRUCTING OXYGEN
FLOW-- RENDERING THE
ENEMY COMPLETELY
HELPLESS.



SINCE TIME
FORGOTTEN HAS
THE RITUAL
BEEN REPEATED.

THOUGH IT ISN'T
THE CYBERNETIC
GORILLA THAT
INTERESTS THE
HELLSPAWN.



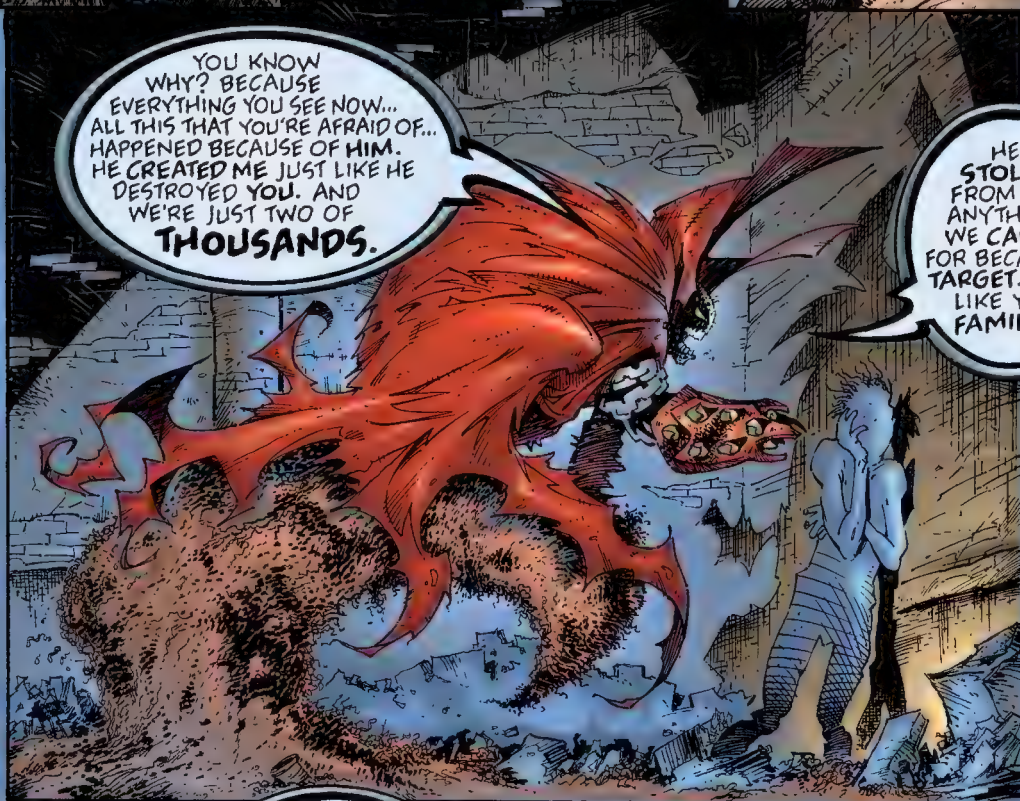
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
I WANT, MAJOR.
AND I'M TIRED
OF WAITING.



SO WHATEVER
YOU HAVE TO DO
TO REACH INSIDE THAT
FRAIL BRAIN OF YOURS,
I SUGGEST YOU DO
IT NOW.



BECAUSE,
WITH OR WITHOUT
YOUR HELP, I'M TAKING
JASON WYNN DOWN. IT'S
JUST A MATTER OF
WHETHER YOU WANT TO
MAKE THIS ANY
EASIER ON
YOURSELF.



YOU KNOW
WHY? BECAUSE
EVERYTHING YOU SEE NOW...
ALL THIS THAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF...
HAPPENED BECAUSE OF HIM.
HE CREATED ME JUST LIKE HE
DESTROYED YOU. AND
WE'RE JUST TWO OF
THOUSANDS.

HE'S
STOLEN
FROM US.
ANYTHING
WE CARED
FOR BECAME A
TARGET. JUST
LIKE YOUR
FAMILY.



SO, YOU'VE
GOT **EXACTLY**
THREE HOURS TO
COME TO YOUR
SENSES. THAT'S
WHEN I'LL BE
BACK.

THERE'S
SOMETHING
I NEED TO DO
FIRST.

FORSBERG STARES AS SPAWN STEPS BACK INTO THE BLACK ABYSS OF SURROUNDING SHADOWS. THEY APPEAR TO DEVOUR HIM WHOLE AS THE ICY BLACKNESS BLANKETS HIS FORM, LEAVING A PAIR OF GLOWING GREEN SLITS AS THE ONLY EVIDENCE THAT HELL'S GRIM REAPER HAD BEEN THERE AT ALL.

IN A BLINK, THEY VANISH. SO TOO DO THE SOUNDS OF SNAPPING CHAINS AND LEATHERY CLOAK.

MAJOR FORSBERG COLLAPSES IN THE REFUSE, KNOWING THAT, SOMEHOW, THE HELLSPAWN IS THERE NO LONGER.

AS WASHED-OUT CLOUDS OF GREY SCATTER ACROSS MANHATTAN'S SILHOUTTED CONSTRUCTS, A WINGED SHAPE APPEARS TWELVE BLOCKS EAST. IT MOVES WITH A PURPOSE-- A HUNGER-- TO DESTROY THOSE WHO TOOK FROM HIM.

HE IS HAUNTED BY THE IMAGES OF INNOCENTS WHOSE SOULS HAS TAINTED... HAS UNWITTINGLY PLANTED THE SEED OF EVIL.

IT'S TIME TO END THE MADNESS.

... UNFORTUNATELY, WITH ALL THE DISRUPTIONS TAKING PLACE OVERSEAS, A FEW BORDERLINE CLIENTS HAVE PULLED THEIR FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

SPECIFICALLY,
EGYPT AND
ISRAEL.

ON ANOTHER
MATTER,
MATSON IN
DIVISION 12 HAS
ASKED ME TO
DELIVER THIS
TO YOU.

WHAT
IS IT?

THE RESULTS
OF HIS PROBE FOR
INTERNAL SECURITY
BREACHES. HE SAID
YOU'D KNOW WHAT
TO LOOK FOR.

WELL *WELL*.
ISN'T *THIS* A
SURPRISE. ONE OF
MY NEW RECRUITS
HAS BEEN PUTTING
IN A LITTLE
UNSUPERVISED
OVERTIME.

FITZGERALD?
ISN'T HE
RIGHT HERE IN
YOUR DIVISION,
SIR?

UNBELIEVABLE.

GET ME A
RECORD OF
EVERY TIME HE'S
USED HIS CLEARANCE
ON-LINE SINCE HE
ARRIVED. THEN, CROSS-
REFERENCE WITH OUR
DATABASES TO SEE
WHICH WERE ACCESSED
AT THE SAME TIME.
MY GUESS IS,
WE'VE JUST
FOUND OUR
LEAK...

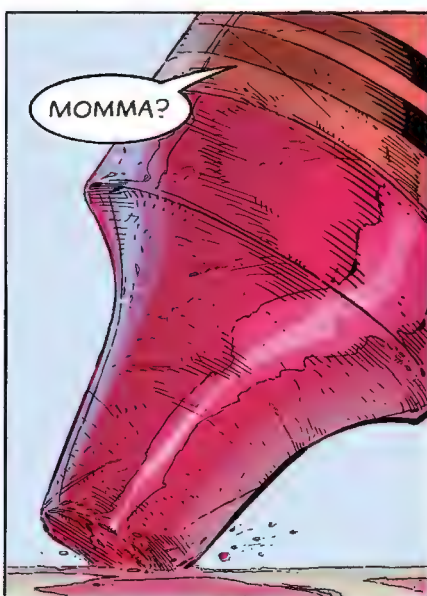
...AND THE
REASON FOR
ALL THOSE
'COINCIDENTAL'
DISASTERS.*



WOW!
THAT'S
SURE A
PRETTY
SUN,
CYAN.

TANKS.

YOU'RE
WELCOME,
SWEETY.



MOMMA?

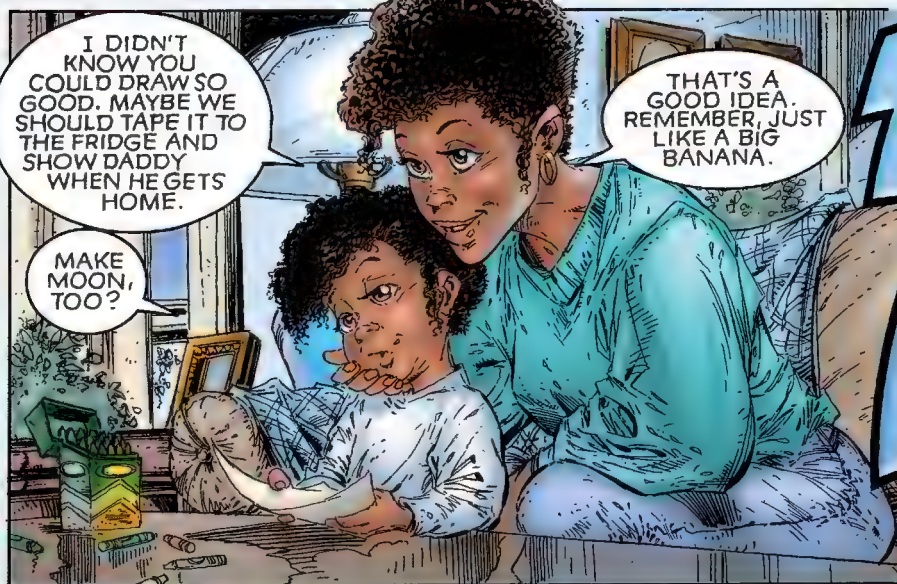


YES.

THIS
LULLO
CRAYON?

NOPE.
THAT'S
A RED
ONE, NOT
YELLOW.

Oh.



I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU
COULD DRAW SO
GOOD. MAYBE WE
SHOULD TAPE IT TO
THE FRIDGE AND
SHOW DADDY
WHEN HE GETS
HOME.

MAKE
MOON,
TOO?

THAT'S A
GOOD IDEA.
REMEMBER, JUST
LIKE A BIG
BANANA.

RING



TWO RINGS LATER,
IN ANOTHER ROOM...

HELLO.

HELLO?



SILENCE. NO
TONE. NOTHING.
IT'S AS IF THE
LINE IS DEAD.

WHATEVER.



YOU
FINISHED
WITH
YOUR...?

CYAN?

ARE YOU
PLAYING
TRICKS
ON MOMMY
AGAIN?

I'M
GONNA
GET
YOU!



NOPE.
NOT
THERE.

A QUICK SEARCH.
THE USUAL SPOTS
TURN UP EMPTY.

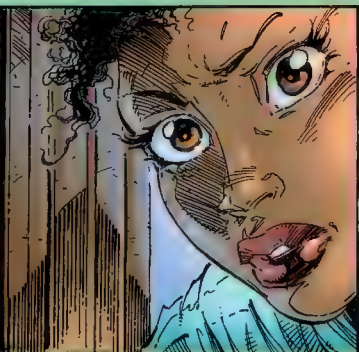


CYAN!

MOMMY'S
GETTING
MAD. I NEED
YOU TO COME
HERE,
PLEASE.

THOUGH THERE AREN'T ANY
GOOD HIDING PLACES IN HER
DAUGHTER'S ROOM, CYAN
HAS BEEN KNOWN TO PUT
HER BACK AGAINST THE FAR
WALL WHILE COVERING HER
EYES, THINKING NO ONE CAN
SEE WHERE SHE IS.

THE PARENTS LIKE
TO PLAY ALONG.




IT'S
TIME TO
COME OUT,
CYAN. THE
GAME'S
OVER.



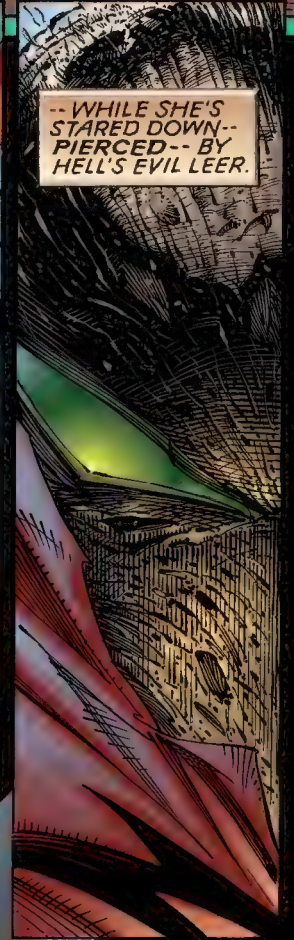
CYAN... ?



FEAR.



LIKE A
DEATH
GRIP, IT
SQUEEZES
WANDA'S
HEART--



-- WHILE SHE'S
STARED DOWN--
PIERCED-- BY
HELL'S EVIL LEER.



A BLUR OF
CRIMSON
STREAKS
FORWARD.



THEN,
ALL GOES BLACK.

FOR A LONG,
LONG TIME.



I T-TOLD YOU, WE WERE JUST COLORING. I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.

HOW DO YOU THINK HE GOT IN? THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF FORCED ENTRY.

I DON'T KNOW. THE FRONT DOOR, MAYBE.

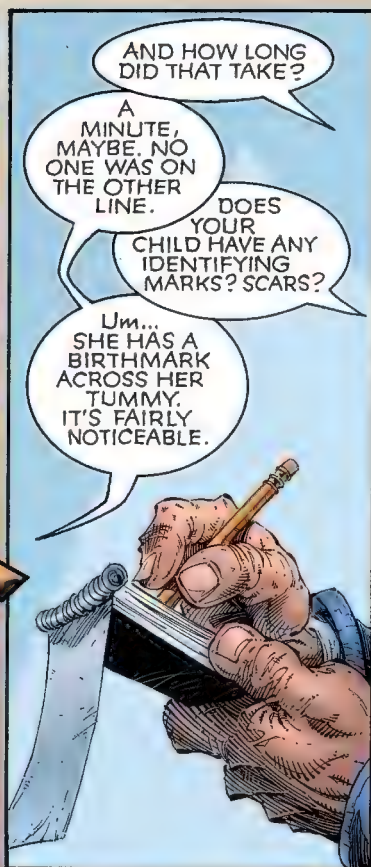
YOU SAID YOU KEPT THAT DOOR LOCKED.

I DID. WHEN THE PHONE RANG, I WASN'T WATCHING.

OH GOD MY BABY I'M SORRY



CHAK



AND HOW LONG DID THAT TAKE?

A MINUTE, MAYBE. NO ONE WAS ON THE OTHER LINE.

DOES YOUR CHILD HAVE ANY IDENTIFYING MARKS? SCARS?

Um... SHE HAS A BIRTHMARK ACROSS HER TUMMY. IT'S FAIRLY NOTICEABLE.



Vink Klank



NOW, ABOUT THIS SPAWN. WHY DO YOU THINK HE'D WANT TO KIDNAP YOUR DAUGHTER?

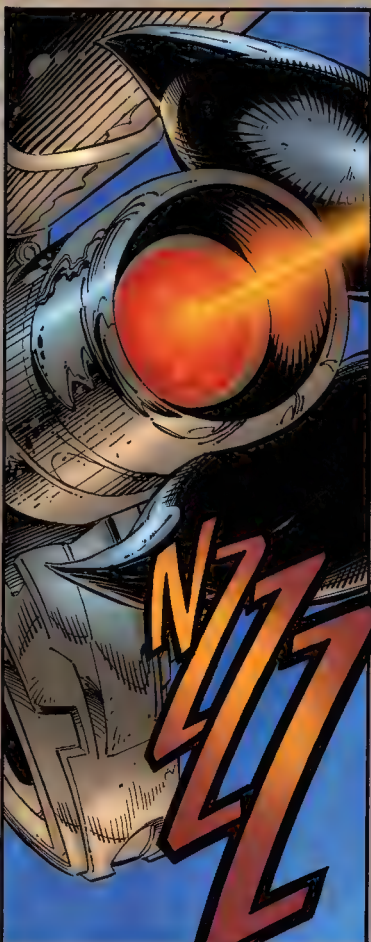
~ Sob ~

I DON'T KNOW. HE... HE ONCE HELPED SAVE MY HUSBAND*. BUT THE LAST TIME HE WAS HERE, HE...

YOU MEAN THIS WASN'T HIS FIRST VISIT? DID YOU EVER REPORT THIS?

NO.

WHY NOT?



N7

AS THE QUESTIONING PROCEEDS, IT WAVERS BETWEEN COMPASSION AND ACCUSATION, STOPPING ONLY WHEN WANDA IS EMOTIONALLY OVERWHELMED.

WE APOLOGIZE FOR HOW **LONG** THIS IS TAKING, MS. BLAKE, BUT WE WANT TO BE SURE WE'RE COVERING ALL THE BASES.

IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL BE FINE. I JUST... I WANT MY BABY BACK.

WE UNDERSTAND.

SHE'S ALMOST **THREE**. I THINK I TOLD YOU THAT ALREADY. ALL SHE TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY WAS HER **BIRTHDAY**. THE CAKE. THE BALLOONS. HOW SHE WANTED TO WEAR HER PRETTY DRESS.

I PROMISED SHE COULD WEAR IT. NOW SHE'S **GONE**. MY GOD, WE HAVE TO GET HER **BACK**. P-PLEASE. SHE NEEDS HER **MOMMY**.

WANDA!!

HAVE THEY **FOUND** HER YET? DO THEY KNOW WHERE SHE **IS**??

TERRY! THANK GOD YOU'RE HOME.

ARE YOU THE HUSBAND?

YES.

YOUR WIFE SAID SHE DIDN'T GIVE YOUR SECRETARY ANY DETAILS. SO MAYBE YOU CAN HELP US.

FIRST, BY TELLING US WHAT YOUR RELATIONSHIP IS WITH THIS SO-CALLED '**SPAWN**'.

WHAT?!

DO YOU KNOW WHO HE IS? WHERE HE LIVES? WHY HE KEEPS COMING HERE?

I...

THE ALLEYS! BACK AROUND THE SHIPPING DOCKS IN THE CITY. I SAW HIM THERE BEFORE. AFTER HE SAVED MY HUSBAND. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE.



ACTUALLY, HE'S MOVED. DEEPER INTO THE BACK STREETS. A PLACE CALLED **RAT CITY**. I'VE BEEN THERE. I CAN DRAW YOU A MAP.

EVENTUALLY, THE OFFICERS GO, LEAVING BEHIND A COUPLE STRUGGLING FOR ANSWERS TO THEIR OWN QUESTIONS.

WHY?! WHY DID HE TAKE OUR GIRL? WHO IS HE? **DAMN IT!** YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING FROM ME!



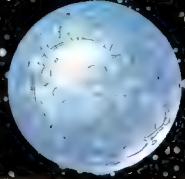
WHAT CAN HE POSSIBLY SAY? "YOUR DEAD HUSBAND IS **ALIVE**, TURNED INTO SOME SUPER CREATURE." HE NOW HAS HER CHILD BECAUSE OF-- WHAT--? JEALOUSY. REVENGE. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. SO, RATHER THAN ADD TO HER AGONY RIGHT NOW, HE CHOOSES TO HIDE THE TRUTH.

SPAWN ISN'T WHAT'S IMPORTANT. IT'S CYAN. HE PRAYS SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

AS THE NIGHT GROWS DEEPER, POLICE FROM BOTH QUEENS AND MANHATTAN CO-ORDINATE THEIR EFFORTS BEFORE THEN DESCENDING ON THE TERRITORY OF THE HOMELESS.



LIKE HOWLING WOLVES CURSING THE MOON, THE WAIL OF SIRENS BUILDS.



THEN SUDDENLY STOPS.

FROM THE REAR OF POLICE VANS, MEN CLAD IN BLACK TECHNO GEAR POUR OUT.

SYSTEMATICALLY, THEY CANVASS THE BACKSTREETS NO SANE CITIZEN DARES EVER VISIT. THEIR MISSION, QUITE SIMPLY: FIND SOME VAMPIRIC NUTCASE KNOWN AS SPAWN.

AN EXTENSIVE DESCRIPTION WAS GIVEN TO EACH MAN. THEIR TARGET WOULD BE HARD NOT TO NOTICE.



FINDING HIM IS QUITE ANOTHER MATTER. THE BUMS ARE KNOWN TO HIDE THEIR SECRETS WELL.

AMONG THEM, WHEN NEED BE, A MAN CAN JUST UP AND VANISH--SO, ASKING THEIR COOPERATION IN EXPOSING THEIR KING WOULD BE POINTLESS.

INSTEAD, LIKE SILENT ROBOTS, THE TASK FORCE PENETRATES DEEPER.



INTO THE HEART OF RAT CITY.



STUMBLING OVER THE GROTESQUE DETRITUS OF A HELLSPAWN'S EXISTENCE.



CHRIST.



AS THEY
STARE AT THE
UNIDENTIFIED
THEY REALIZE
THEY ARE
CONFRONTED

EVERY TWO OF REPRAVED
ON THE CHARNEL
MOUND, GNAWING
AWAY AT THE FEW
REMAINING PARTS
WITH MEATY FLESH.

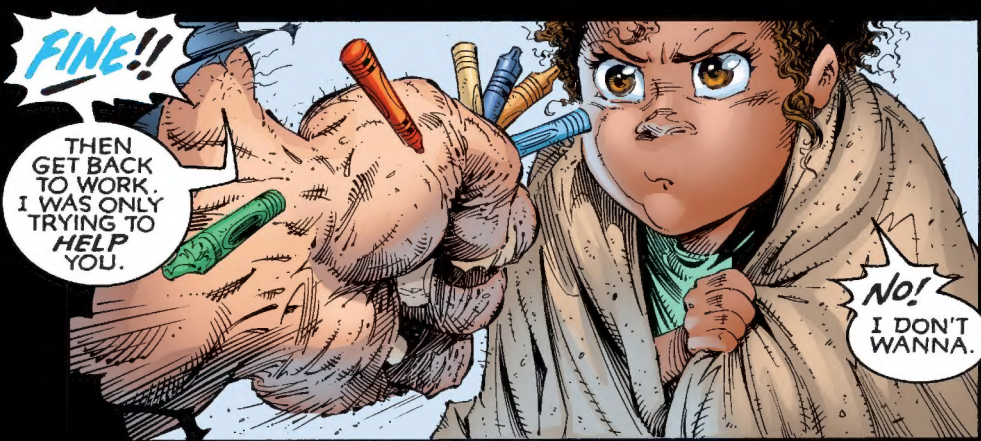
BATS AND
MAGGOTS FEAST
ON THE CHARNEL
MOUND, GNAWING
AWAY AT THE FEW
REMAINING PARTS
WITH MEATY FLESH.

AS THEY SLOWLY START TO
ACCEPT WHAT THEY ARE
ALL ARE UNAWARE OF THE
WHOM THEY NOW SEE HAS
BECOME ACUTELY AWARE
OF THEIR PRESENCE.

AND WORSE... IS ALREADY
PREPARED FOR WAR.

WORST OF ALL, HE
DOESN'T KNOW WHY
ANY OF THIS IS
HAPPENING.

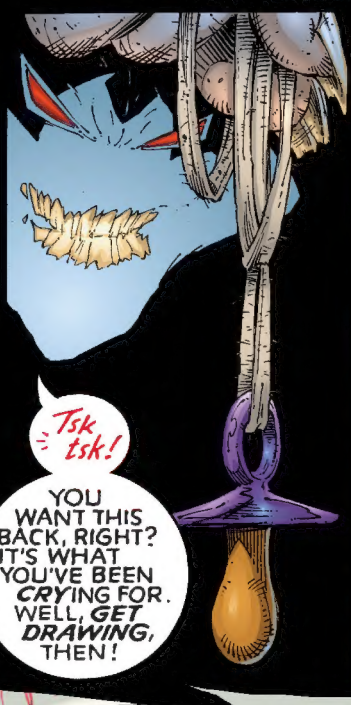




FINE!!

THEN
GET BACK
TO WORK.
I WAS ONLY
TRYING TO
HELP
YOU.

No!
I DON'T
WANNA.

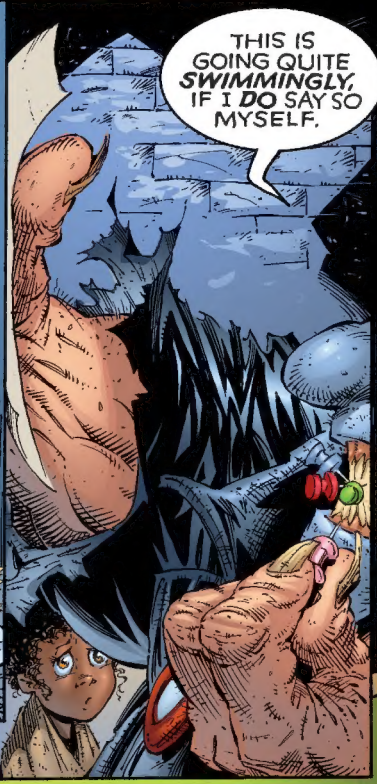


*Tsk
tsk!*

YOU
WANT THIS
BACK, RIGHT?
IT'S WHAT
YOU'VE BEEN
CRYING FOR.
WELL, **GET
DRAWING,
THEN!**



OKAY.



THIS IS
GOING QUITE
SWIMMINGLY,
IF I **DO** SAY SO
MYSELF.



I'M
TIRED.

I
WANT MY
MOMMY.

YEAH.
WHATEVER.

YOU WANT
TO GO TO BED
THEN FINISH
PAPERING THESE
WALLS. I WANT
ANOTHER **FIFTY-
THREE SKETCHES**
BEFORE I LET YOU
SLEEP, UNDER-
STAND ME?

AND I
DON'T GIVE
A **CRAP** IF IT
TAKES ALL NIGHT.
THAT'S YOUR
PROBLEM.

YOU
LITTLE
TWERP.

TO BE
CONTINUED





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE